

## **YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND AT LIFELINE®**

*by Mary Ann Tilford*

*Mary Ann Tilford is sharing these posts to the Conversation Board of Bruce Moen's Afterlife-Knowledge website to give people a feel for what can happen at a LIFELINE. Mary Ann likes the week-long programs "away from everyone and everything" because her life is "usually so taken up with [her] job and music avocation, that it's hard to deeply relax and let go." She took a three-year break after her GATEWAY VOYAGE® to allow things to "settle out" in her mind. Bruce's stories of his retrieval experiences convinced Mary Ann that LIFELINE should be her next stop.*

### **Report #1**

I arrived at TMI jet-lagged, sleep-deprived, and keyed up, despite intentions to the contrary, and fell asleep near the beginning of the first evening's tape exercise dealing with dolphin energy for healing yourself and others. At bedtime I was especially happy to hear *Super Sleep* coming through the CHEC unit speakers; it was soothing and it triggered some strong vibrations during the night.

*A Free Flow Focus 12* kicked off day two. Since I had come to do retrievals, I decided to get started. After asking if anyone needed assistance, I waited. Suddenly I was riding a motorcycle down a two-lane road; something felt wrong. I was bent at the waist, with my head very low, and then the bike went off the road. The ride got bumpier and bumpier, and after that everything went upside down and topsy-turvy. Then, from above, I saw a truck run over a man lying in the left lane. I approached and we talked briefly. He said his name was Joe, and something about 1947. Maybe he was born in 1947 or that was the year of the accident. He knew he was dead but didn't want to leave his bike. I offered to take him where there were other bikes. Upon my taking his hand and asking for help, three "lights" appeared off to the right. They became three guys in black leather jackets, and Joe went with them.

### **Report #2**

I certainly wasn't expecting what I found on my first visit to Focus 25, the Belief Systems Territories: a replica of the Catholic church that I attended as a child. A six-year-old version of myself sat inside with her bright red missal, still trying to be a good Catholic all alone in that huge, empty church. Discovering that this small, innocent part of myself had spent all these years in Focus 25 made me very sad. Tears streamed down my face as I explained to her that it was okay to leave. The release of emotion allowed us to merge, and she returned with me to finish this life. Retrieving a part of oneself is a bittersweet experience. An emptiness that you

may not have been aware of is filled. Intense sadness that this part had to split off coexists with strong, loving feelings toward her. You are so happy to have her back, because she is you. By retrieving and merging with a lost part, you become more yourself than you were before. And the more yourself you become, the more innate self-confidence you have, and life's bumps smooth out.

### **Report #3**

Today's tape directed us to construct our "place" in Focus 27. As soon as I got to 27, it occurred to me that my body was unnecessary; I could just "be" a light. I had actually constructed my place during free time in a previous tape; it's like a tree house without the tree, and floats about forty feet up, with a soft green grass floor, an open front, and a water chair that works perfectly in zero gravity. Visitors float or fly into the open space in front. For the scenery, I used a Canadian scene from a calendar, complete with an aqua mountain lake and a view of snow-capped mountains on the far shore. As soon as I arrived, bright golden globes of light started popping up from below and about ten of them scooted through the front "door" by twos and threes. That took me aback, until I realized that I know these guys well, I just don't know "who" they are. They seem to be dropping in from a place of golden light and violin music that I have also visited, and they feel like my "littermates." The beach-ball-sized globes of light gave me a group hug, then the physical structure of my place dissipated and it became a "where" instead—kind of like a soap bubble in space.

### **Report #4**

On the way to the first official retrieval attempt, I felt queasy and heard my heart pounding. Both the queasiness and the pounding went into my Security Repository Box, and the discomfort went away. After picking up my helper in 27, we went to Focus 23, to a dark cave filled with water. The atmosphere was thick with fear and despair, which I felt but didn't absorb. I found a large, middle-aged woman named Sharon who had drowned in the cave in 1946. It was a struggle to get her out; she was heavy and fighting for air. At the Focus 27 Reception Center she saw a familiar loved one, and ran full tilt into his arms. Then I realized there were at least two more in the cave. Back I went and found John, a youngish man. It was no trouble to deliver him to the Center and turn him over to people who were waiting at a huge, lighted doorway—kind of like a mall entrance. On my final trip I brought out a girl who was lying spread-eagled in the water on the cave floor. As Bob brought us back to C-1, the feeling grew that there might be yet another. During debriefing, Penny told me to be sure to go back for that last person.

### **Report #5**

I started the next Focus 27 foray in a really hyper state of mind. After asking my guide for help, he and I went back to search the Focus 23 cave. My first contact was a ten-year-old girl called

Lila, who seemed to be the same one who had been lying on the bottom before. Then I found the real last retrieval. The girl's father, who could have been me in a former life, was still there mourning his daughter. Both of us were plunged into intense grief. It didn't take long to convince him to leave. He accompanied my guide and me to 27, and his daughter ran out to greet him. They were reunited in a huge, joyous explosion of emotion. Other retrievals have been very "dry" emotionally. Maybe retrieving a part of self brings up stronger emotion. Because I'm accustomed to strong emotion from past self-retrievals, simply incorporating it into myself seems to work best.

This was the first aspect that seemed to be a past life; all the other aspects had been walled off in this life.

## **Report #6**

Our last day was devoted to free-flow tapes. I played and flew with my golden light-globe "litter-mates" and felt what it was like to be a golden light-globe myself. We visited a luminous crystal city. Totally unbidden, I got a clear picture of all the afterlife Focus-level layers. They resembled a stack of shelves and each one was incredibly small compared to what lay beyond, stretching into infinity. The final free-flow tape was voiced by Laurie Monroe and incorporated Focus 18 (access to Pure Unconditional Love). I found myself dancing round and round with a few of my fellow participants. Then we were all dancing in a big circle, holding hands. Laurie directed us to jump the gap between Here and There; we joined hands in a long line, ran, and jumped over a wide, dark chasm into the Light. Over There, I played both solos and duets with friends on my horn and violin. We showered each other with hugs and love. When Laurie gave the signal to bridge the gap again, we reformed our human chain and leaped the chasm back to Here. I could see both lines of us jumping simultaneously, forming a bridge from Here to There and from There to Here.

## **Epilogue**

Although I did not have the particular spectacular experiences I'd hoped for, I had spontaneous experiences that I had not sought. That's much the better in some ways. If we had only the experiences we expected, how would we know that we didn't make it all up? The totally unexpected lends credence and helps crumble the walls of limiting belief that hamper our expansion and growth. I cherish my *LIFELINE* experience as I cherished my *GATEWAY* experience. Our trainers, John Kortum and Penny Holmes, were fantastic, and the *LIFELINE* group was wonderful and loving. TMI feels like home to me, and it always will.

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